To morow shall we visite you againe.
Pri. Sweete health and faire desires consort your grace.
Na. Thy owne wish wish I thee in euery place. *Exit.*
Ber. Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it.
Ber. I would you heard it grone.
Ros. Is the foole sicke.
Ber. Sicke at the hart.
Ros. Alacke, let it blood.
Bar. Would that do it good?
Ros. My Phisicke saies I,
Ber. Will you prickt with your eye.
Ros. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Ber. Now God saue thy life.
Ros. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot stay thankes-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word, What Ladie is that same?
Beyet. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady *Mounsir*, fare you wel. *Exit.*
Longauill. I beseech you a word, What is she in the white?
Beyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.
Lon. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name?
Bo She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a shame.
Lon. Pray you sir, Whose daughter?
Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.
Lon. Gods blessing on your beard. (bridge.
Bo. Good sir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falcon-*
Lon. Nay my coller is ended, She is a most sweet Ladie.
Bo Not vnlike sir, that may be. *Exit Longauil.*

Enter Berowne.

Bero. Whats her name in the capp?
Boy. *Katherin* by good happ.
Ber, Is she wedded or no?
Boy. To her will sir, or so.
Ber. O you are welcome sir, adew.
Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit Ber.*

Lady Maria. That last is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap L.
Not a word with him but a iest.
Boy. And euery iest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord.
Lady Ka. Two hot Sheepes marie.
Bo. And wherefore not Shipps?
No Sheepe (sweete Lambe) vnlesse we feede on your lippes.
La. You Sheepe and I pasture: shall that finish the iest?
Bo. So you graunt pasture for me.
Lad. Not so gentle Beast.
My lippes are no Common, though seuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and mee.
Prin. Good witts will be iangling, but gentles agree,
This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vsed
On *Nauar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abused.
Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lyes
By the hartes still rethoricke, disclosed with eyes.
Deceaue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle Affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behauiours did make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desier.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue all impacient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his ey-sight to bee,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele only looking on fairest of faire:
Mee thought all his senses were lokt in his eye,
As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glasse,
Who tendring their owne worth from where they were
Did poynt you to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,